Delia.

Contayning certayne Sonnets: vvith the complaint of *Rosamond.*

(..)

Aetas prima canat Veneres postrema tumultus.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. C. for Simon Waterson, dwelling in Paules Church-yard at *the signe of the Crowne.*
1592.

To the Reader.

GEntle Reader, I pray thee correct thoſe faultes eſcaped in the printing, finding them as they are noted heere following.

Sonnet 5. moſt vnkindeſt, read ſweete vnkindeſt
Sonnet 14. Yer leaſt, read Yet leaſt
Sonnet 20. deſires, read deſiers
Sonnet 36. yee, read yce
Sonnet 41. her brow, read her troubled brow
Sonnet 44. tunres, read turnes

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE the Ladie *Mary*, Counteſſe of Pembroke.

RIght honorable, although I rather deſired to keep in the priuate paſsions of my youth, from the multitude, as things vtterd to my ſelfe, and conſecrated to ſilence: yet ſeeing I was betraide by the indiſcretion of a greedie Printer, and had ſome of my ſecrets bewraide to the world, vncorrected: doubting the like of the reſt, I am forced to publish that which I neuer ment. But this wrong was not onely doone to mee, but to him whoſe vnmatchable lines haue indured the like misfortune; Ignorance ſparing not to commit ſacriledge vpon ſo holy Reliques. Yet Aſtrophel, *flying with the wings of his own fame, a higher pitch then the groſſ-ſighted can diſcerne, hath regiſtred his owne name in the An-*

nals of eternitie, and cannot be disgraced, howsoeuer disguised. And for my selfe, seeing I am thrust out into the worlde, and that my vnholdned Muse, is forced to appeare so rawly in publique; I desire onely to bee graced by the countenance of your protection: whome the fortune of our time hath made the happie and iudiciall Patronesse of the Muses, (a glory hereditary to your house) to preserue them from those hidious Beastes, Obliuion, and Barbarisme. VVherbey you doe not onely possesse the honour of the present, but also do bind posterity to an euer gratefull memorie of your vertues, wherein you must suruiue your selfe. And if my lines hereafter better laboured, shall purchase grace in the world, they must remaine the monuments of your honourable fauour, and recorde the zealous duetie of mee, who am vowed to your honour in all obseruancy for euer,

Samuel Danyell.

To Delia.

Sonnet I.

Vnto the boundles Ocean of thy beautie,
Runs this poore riuer, charg'd with ſtreames of zeale:
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
Which heere my loue, my youth, my playnts reueale.

Heere I vnclaſpe the booke of my charg'd ſoule,
Where I haue caſt th'accounts of all my care:
Heere haue I ſumm'd my ſighes, heere I enroule
Howe they were ſpent for thee; Looke what they are.

Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And ſee how iuſt I reckon with thyne eyes:
Examine well thy beautie with my trueth,
And croſſe my cares ere greater ſummes ariſe.

Reade it ſweet maide, though it be doone but ſlightly;
who can shewe all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

Sonnet II.

Goe wailing verſe, the infants of my loue,
Minerua-like, brought foorth without a Mother:
Preſent the image of the cares I proue,
Witnes your Fathers griefe exceedes all other.

Sigh out a ſtory of her cruell deedes,
With interrupted accents of diſpayre:
A Monument that whoſoeuer reedes,
May iuſtly praiſe, and blame my loueles Faire.

Say her diſdaine hath dryed vp my blood,
And ſtarued you, in ſuccours ſtill denying:
Preſſe to her eyes, importune me ſome good;
Waken her ſleeping pittie with your crying.

Knock at that hard hart, beg till you haue moou'd her;
And tell th'vnkind, how deerely I haue lou'd her.

If

Sonnet III.

If ſo it hap this of-ſpring of my care,
Theſe fatall Antheames, ſad and mornefull Songes:
Come to their view, who like afflicted are;
Let them yet ſigh their owne, and mone my wrongs.
But vntouch'd harts, with vnaffected eye,
Approch not to behold ſo great diſtreſſe:
Cleer-ſighted you, ſoone note what is awry,
Whilſt blinded ones mine errours neuer geſſe.
You blinded ſoules whom youth and errours lead,
You outcaſt Eglets, dazled with your ſunne:
Ah you, and none but you my ſorrowes read,
You beſt can iudge the wrongs that she hath dunne.
That she hath doone, the motiue of my paine;
Who whilſt I loue, doth kill me with diſdaine.

Theſe

Sonnet IIII.

Theſe plaintiue verſe, the Poſts of my deſire,
Which haſte for ſuccour to her ſlowe regarde:
Beare not report of any ſlender fire,
Forging a griefe to winne a fames rewarde.
Nor are my paſsions limnd for outward hewe,
For that no collours can depaynt my ſorrowes:
Delia her ſelfe, and all the world may viewe
Beſt in my face, how cares hath til'd deepe forrowes.
No Bayes I ſeeke to deck my mourning brow,
O cleer-eyde Rector of the holie Hill:
My humble accents craue the Olyue bow,
Of her milde pittie and relenting will.
Theſe lines I vſe, t'unburthen mine owne hart;
My loue affects no fame, nor ſteemes of art.

Whilſt

Sonnet V.

VVhilſt youth and error led my wandring minde,
And ſet my thoughts in heedeles waies to range:
All vnawares a Goddeſſe chaſte I finde,
Diana-like, to worke my ſuddaine change.
For her no ſooner had my view bewrayd,
But with diſdaine to ſee me in that place:
With faireſt hand, the moſt vnkindeſt maide,
Caſtes water-cold diſdaine vpon my face.
Which turn'd my ſport into a Harts diſpaire,
Which ſtill is chac'd, whilſt I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts: ſet on me by my faire,
My thoughts like houndes, purſue me to my death.
Thoſe that I foſtred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.

Sonnet VI.

Faire is my loue, and cruell as sh'is faire;
Her brow shades frownes, although her eyes are sunny;
Her Smiles are lightning, though her pride dispaire;
And her disdaines are gall; her fauours hunny.
A modest maide, deckt with a blush of honour,
Whose feete doe treade greene pathes of youth and loue,
The wonder of all eyes that looke vppon her:
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint aboue.
Chastitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow:
And had she pittie to conioine with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now.
O had she not beene faire, and thus vnkinde,
My Muse had slept, and none had knowne my minde.

Sonnet VII.

O had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightnes:
The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,
And Clowdes obſcure had shaded ſtill her brightnes.
Then had no Cenſors eye theſe lines ſuruaide,
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muſe ſo vaine;
No ſunne my blush and errour had bewraide,
Nor yet the world had heard of ſuch diſdaine.
Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
No down-caſt looke had ſignified my mis:
But my degraded hopes, with ſuch diſgrace
Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.
For being full, should not I then haue ſpoken:
My ſence oppreſ'd, had fail'd; and hart had broken.

Thou

Sonnet VIII.

Thou poore hart ſacrifiz'd vnto the faireſt,
Haſt ſent the incens of thy ſighes to heauen:
And ſtill againſt her frownes fresh vowes repayreſt,
And made thy paſsions with her beautie euen.

And you mine eyes the agents of my hart,
Told the dumbe meſſage of my hidden griefe:
And oft with carefull turnes, with ſilent art,
Did treate the cruell Fayre to yeelde reliefe.

And you my verſe, the Aduocates of loue,
Haue followed hard the proceſſe of my caſe:
And vrg'd that title which dooth plainely proue,
My faith should win, if iuſtice might haue place.

Yet though I ſee, that nought we doe can moue her,
Tis not diſdaine muſt make me leaue to loue her.

It

Sonnet IX.

If this be loue, to drawe a weary breath,
Painte on flowdes, till the shore, crye to th'ayre:
With downward lookes, ſtill reading on the earth;
The ſad memorials of my loues deſpaire.
If this be loue, to warre againſt my ſoule,
Lye downe to waile, riſe vp to ſigh and grieue me:
The neuer-reſting ſtone of care to roule,
Still to complaine my greifes, and none releiue me.
If this be loue, to cloath me with darke thoughts,
Haunting yntroden pathes to waile apart;
My pleaſures horror, Muſique tragicke notes,
Teares in my eyes, and ſorrowe at my hart.
If this be loue, to liue a liuing death;
O then loue I, and drawe this weary breath.

Sonnet X.

O then I loue, and drawe this weary breath,
For her the cruell faire, within whoſe brow
I written finde the ſentence of my death,
In vnkinde letters; wrought ſhe cares not how.
O thou that rul'ſt the confines of the night,
Laughter-louing Gods, worldly pleaſures Queene,
Intenerat that hart that ſets ſo light,
The trueſt loue that euer yet was ſeene.
And cauſe her leaue to triumph in this wiſe,
Vppon the proſtrate ſpoyle of that poore harte:
That ſerues a trophey to her conquering eyes,
And muſt their glorie to the world imparte.
Once let her know, ſh'hath done enough to proue me;
And let her pittie if ſhe cannot loue me,

Teares

Sonnet XI.

Teares, vowes, and prayers win the hardeſt hart:
Teares, vowes, and prayers haue I ſpent in vaine;
Teares, cannot ſoften flint, nor vowes conuart,
Prayers preuaile not with a quaint diſdaine.
I loſe my teares, where I haue loſt my loue,
I vowe my faith, where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vaine, a merciles to moue:
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet though I cannot win her will with teares,
Though my ſoules Idoll ſcorneth all my vowes;
Though all my prayers be to ſo deafe eares:
No fauour though the cruell faire allowes.
Yet will I weepe, vowe, pray to cruell Shee;
Flint, Froſt, Diſdaine, weares, melts, and yeelds we ſee.

Sonnet XII.

My ſpotles loue hoouers with white wings:
About the temple of the proudeſt frame:
Where blaze thoſe lights fayreſt of earthly things,
Which cleere our clouded world with brighteſt flame.
M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honour, but what she can giue mee:
My hopes doe reſt in limits of her grace,
I weygh no comfort vnleſſe she releeue mee.
For she that can my hart imparadize,
Holdes in her faireſt hand what deereſt is:
My fortunes wheele, the circle of her eyes,
Whoſe rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.
All my liues ſweete conſiſts in her alone,
So much I loue the moſt vnlouing one.

Behold

Sonnet XIII.

Behold what happe *Pigmaleon* had to frame,
And carue his proper griefe vpon a ſtone:
My heauie fortune is much like the ſame,
I worke on Flint, and that's the cauſe I mone.

For haples loe euen with mine owne deſires,
I figured on the table of my harte:
The fayreſt forme, the worldes eye admires,
And ſo did perish by my proper arte.

And ſtill I toile, to chaunge the marble breſt
Of her, whoſe ſweeteſt grace I doe adore:
Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my reſt,
Hard is her hart and woe is me therefore.

O happie he that ioy'd his ſtone and arte,
Vnhappy I to loue a ſtony harte.

Sonnet XIIII.

Thoſe amber locks, are thoſe ſame nets my deere,
Wherewith my libertie thou didſt ſurprize:
Loue was the flame, that fired me ſo neere,
The darte tranſpearſing, were thoſe Chriſtall eyes.
Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame;
Deepe is the wounde, my ſighes do well report:
Yet doe I loue, adore, and praiſe the ſame,
That holdes, that burnes, that wounds me in this ſort.
And liſt not ſeeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bonde, the flame, the wound that feſtreth ſo;
By knife, by lyquor, or by ſalue to deale:
So much I pleaſe to periſh in my wo.
Yer leaſt long trauailes be aboue my ſtrength,
Good *Delia* loſe, quench, heale me now at length.

Sonnet XV.

If that a loyall hart and faith vnfained,
If a ſweete languiſh with a chaſt deſire:
If hunger-ſtaruen thoughts ſo long retayned,
Fed but with ſmoake, and cheriſht but with fire:
And if a brow with cares caracterss painted,
Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe ſpoken;
To her that ſits in my thoughts Temple ſainted,
And layes to view my Vultur-gnawne hart open.
If I haue doone due homage to her eyes,
And had my ſighes ſtyll tending on her name:
If on her loue my life and honour lyes;
And ſhe th'vnkindeſt maide ſtill ſcornes the ſame.
Let this ſuffice, the world yet may ſee;
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt muſt bee.

Happie

Sonnet XVI.

Happie in ſleepe, waking content to languiſh,
Imbracing cloudes by night, in day time morne:
All things I loath ſaue her and mine owne anguiſh,
Pleas'd in my hurt, inur'd to liue forlorne.
Nought doe I craue, but loue, death, or my Lady,
Hoarce with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit;
So many vowes and prayers euer made I,
That now at length t'yeelde, meere pittie were it.
But ſtill the *Hydra* of my cares renuing,
Reuiues new ſorrowes of her freſh diſdayning;
Still muſt I goe the Summer windes purſuing:
Finding no ende nor Period of my payning.
Waile all my life, my griefes do touch ſo neerely,
And this I liue, becauſe I loue her deerely.

Since

Sonnet XVII.

Since the firſt looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts-maze, to my confuſion tending;
Still haue I liu'd in griefe, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my ſorrowes neuer ending.
Yet cannot leaue her loue that holdes me hatefull,
Her eyes exact it, though her hart diſdaines mee:
See what reward he hath that ſerues th'vngratefull,
So true and loyall loue no fauours gaines mee.
Still muſt I whet my younge deſires abated,
Vppon the Flint of ſuch a hart rebelling;
And all in vaine, her pride is ſo innated,
She yeeldes no place at all for pitties dwelling.
Oft haue I tolde her that my ſoule did loue her,
And that with teares, yet all this will not moue her.

Sonnet XVIII.

Reſtore thy treſſes to the golden Ore,
Yeelde *Cithereas* ſonne thoſe Arkes of loue;
Bequeath the heauens the ſtarres that I adore,
And to th'Orient do thy Pearles remoue.

Yeelde thy hands pride vnto th'yuory whight,
T'*Arabian* odors giue thy breathing ſweete:
Reſtore thy bluſh vnto *Aurora* bright,
To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.

Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her reſigned,
And thy ſweete voyce giue backe vnto the Spheares:
But yet reſtore thy fearce and cruell minde,
To *Hyrcan* Tygers, and to ruthles Beares.

Yeelde to the Marble thy hard hart againe;
So ſhalt thou ceaſe to plague, and I to paine.

If

Sonnet XIX.

If Beautie thus be clouded with a frowne,
That pittie ſhines no comfort to my blis:
And vapors of diſdaine ſo ouergrowne,
That my liues light thus wholy darkned is.
Why ſhould I more moleſt the world with cryes?
The ayre with ſighes, the earth belowe with teares?
Since I liue hatefull to thoſe ruthleſſe eyes,
Vexing with vntun'd moane, her daintie eares.
If I haue lou'd her deerer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it:
And ſtill muſt holde her deere till after death.
And if that all this cannot moue a whit;
Yet let her ſay that ſhe hath doone me wrong,
To vſe me thus and knowe I lou'd ſo long.

Sonnet XX.

Come death the Anchor-holde of all my thoughtes,
My laſt Reſort whereto my ſoule appealeth;
For all too long on earth my fancy dotes,
Whilſt my beſt blood my younge deſires ſealeth.
That hart is now the proſpectiue of horror,
That honored hath the cruelſt faire that lyueth:
The cruelſt faire, that ſees I languiſh for her,
Yet neuer mercy to my merit giueth.
This is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,
To tread me downe with foote of her diſgrace:
Whilſt I did builde my fortune in her eyes,
And laide my liues reſt on ſo faire a face;
That reſt I loſt, my loue, my life and all,
So high attempts to lowe diſgraces fall,

Theſe

Sonnet XXI.

Theſe ſorrowing ſighes, the ſmaokes of mine annoy;
Theſe teares, which heate of ſacred flame diſtils;
Are theſe due tributes that my faith dooth pay
Vnto the tyrant; whoſe vndindnes kils.
I ſacrifize my youth, and blooming yeares,
At her proud feete, and ſhe reſpects not it:
My flowre vntimely's withred with my teares,
And winter woes, for ſpring of youth vnfit.
She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,
And ſo with lookes prolongs my long-lookt eaſe:
As ſhort that bliſſe, ſo is the comfort rare,
Yet muſt that bliſſe my hungry thoughts appeaſe.
Thus ſhe returnes my hopes ſo fruitleſſe euer,
Once let her loue indeede, or eye me neuer.

Sonnet XXII.

Falſe hope prolongs my euer certaine griefe;
Traytrous to me and faithfull to my loue:
A thouſand times it promis'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.
Oft when I finde in her no trueth at all,
I baniſh her, and blame her trechery:
Yet ſoone againe I muſt her backe recall,
As one that dyes without her company.
Thus often as I chaſe my hope from mee,
Straight way ſhe haſtes her vnto *Delias* eyes:
Fed with ſome pleaſing looke there ſhall ſhe bee,
And ſo ſent backe and thus my fortune lyes.
Lookes feede my Hope, Hope foſters me in vaine;
Hopes are vnſure, when certaine is my paine.

Looke

Sonnet XXIII.

Looke in my griefes, and blame me not to morne,
From care to care that leades a life ſo bad;
Th'Orphan of fortune, borne to be her ſcorne,
Whoſe clouded brow dooth make my daies ſo ſad.
Long are their nights whoſe cares doe neuer ſleeepe
Loathſome their daies, whome no ſunne euer ioyde:
Her faireſt eyes doe penetrate ſo deepe,
That thus I liue booth day and night annoyde.
But ſince the ſweeteſt roote doth yeeld thus much,
Her praiſe from my complaint I may not part:
I loue th'effect for that the cauſe is ſuch,
Ile praiſe her face, and blame her flintie hart.
Whilſt that wee make the world admire at vs,
Her for diſdaine, and me for louing thus.

Oft

Sonnet XXIIII.

Oft and in vaine my rebel thoughts haue ventred,
To ſtop the paſſage of my vanquiſht hart:
And ſhut thoſe waies my friendly foe firſt entred,
Hoping thereby to free my better part.
And whilſt I garde theſe windowes of this forte,
Where my harts theefe to vexe me made her choice:
And thether all my forces doe tranſporte,
An other paſſage opens at her voice.
Her voyce betraies me to her hand and eye:
My freedomes tyrants conquering all by arte:
But ah, what glorie can ſhe get thereby,
With three ſuch powers to plague one ſilly harte.
Yet my ſoules ſoueraigne, ſince I muſt reſigne;
Reigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Reigne

Sonnet XXV.

Raigne in my thoughts faire hand, ſweete eye, rare voyce,
Poſſeſſe me whole, my harts triumuirat:
Yet heauie hart to make ſo hard a choiſe,
Of ſuch as ſpoile thy poore afflicted ſtate,
For whilſt they ſtriue which ſhall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is troden downe:
They all erect their Trophies on my fall.
And yeelde me nought that giues them their renowne.
When backe I looke, I ſigh my freedome paſt,
And waile the ſtate wherein I preſent ſtande:
And ſee my fortune euer like to laſt,
Finding me rain'd with ſuch a heauie hande;
What can I doo but yeeld, and yeeld I doo,
And ſerue all three, and yet they ſpoile me too.

Sonnet XXVI.

Whilſt by her eyes purſu'd, my poore hart flew it,
Into the ſacred boſome of my deereſt:
She there in that ſweete ſanctuary ſlew it,
Where it preſum'd his ſafetie to be neereſt.
My priuiledge of faith could not protect it,
That was with blood and three yeeres witnes ſigned:
In all which time ſhe neuer could ſuſpect it,
For well ſhe ſawe my loue, and how I pined.
And yet no comfort would her brow reueale mee.
No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth:
What bootes to lawes of ſuccour to appeale mee?
Ladies and tyrants, neuer lawes reſpecteth.
Then there I dye, where hop'd I to haue liuen;
And by that hand, which better might haue giuen.

Sonnet XXVII.

The ſtarre of my miſhappe impos'd this payning,
To ſpend the Aprill of my yeers in wayling,
That neuer found my fortune but in wayning,
With ſtill freſh cares my preſent woes aſſayling.
Yet her I blame not, though ſhe might haue bleſt mee,
But my deſires wings ſo high aſpiring;
Now melted with the ſunne that hath poſſeſt mee,
Downe doe I fall from off my high deſiring;
And in my fall doe cry for mercy ſpeedy,
No pittying eye lookes backe vppon my mourning:
No helpe I finde when now moſt fauour neede I,
Th'Ocean of my teares muſt drowne me burning,
And this my death ſhall chriſten her anew,
And giue the cruell Faire her tytle dew.

Sonnet XXVIII.

Rayſing my hopes on hills of high deſire,
Thinking to skale the heauen of her hart:
My ſlender meanes preſum'd too high a part;
Her thunder of diſdaine forſt me retire;
And threw mee downe to paine in all this fire,
Where loe I languiſh in ſo heauie ſmart,
Becauſe th'attempt was farre aboue my arte:
Her pride brook'd not poore ſoules ſhold come ſo nye her.
Yet I proteſt my high aſpyring will,
Was not to diſpoſſeſſe her of her right:
Her ſoueraignty ſhould haue remayned ſtill,
I onely ſought the bliſſe to haue her ſight.
Her ſight contented thus to ſee me ſpill,
Fram'd my deſires fit for her eyes to kill.

Sonnet XXIX.

O why dooth *Delia* credite ſo her glaſſe,
Gazing her beautie deign'd her by the skyes:
And dooth not rather looke on him (alas)
Whoſe ſtate beſt ſhewes the force of murthering eyes.
The broken toppes of loftie trees declare,
The fury of a mercy wanting ſtorme:
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Vppon my ſelfe you beſt may finde the forme.
Then leaue your glaſſe, and gaze your ſelfe on mee,
That Mirrour ſhewes what powre is in your face:
To viewe your forme too much, may daunger bee,
Narciſſus chaung'd t'a flowre in ſuch a caſe.
And you are chaung'd, but not t'a Hiacint;
I feare your eye hath turn'd your hart to flint.

Sonnet XXX

I once may ſee when yeeres ſhall wrecke my wronge,
When golden haires ſhall chaunge to ſiluer wyer:
And thoſe bright rayes, that kindle all this fyer
Shall faile in force, their working not ſo ſtronge.
Then beautie, now the burthen of my ſong,
Whoſe glorious blaze the world dooth ſo admire;
Muſt yeelde vp all to tyrant Times deſire:
Then fade thoſe flowres which deckt her pride ſo long.
When if ſhe grieue to gaze her in her glas,
Which then preſents her winter-withered hew;
Goe you my verſe, goe tell her what ſhe was;
For what ſhe was ſhe beſt ſhall finde in you.
Your firie heate lets not her glorie paſſe,
But Phenix-like ſhall make her liue anew.

Sonnet XXXI.

Looke *Delia* how wee ſteeme the half-blowne Roſe,
The image of thy bluſh and Summers honor:
Whilſt in her tender greene ſhe doth incloſe
That pure ſweete beautie, Time beſtowes vppon her.
No ſooner ſpreades her glorie in the ayre,
But ſtraight her ful-blowne pride is in declyning;
She then is ſcorn'd that late adorn'd the fayre:
So clowdes thy beautie, after fayreſt ſhining.
No Aprill can reuiue thy withred flowers,
Whoſe blooming grace adornes thy glorie now:
Swift ſpeedy Time, feathred with flying howers,
Diſſolues the beautie of the faireſt brow.
O let not then ſuch riches waſte in vaine;
But loue whilſt that thou maiſt be lou'd againe.

Sonnet XXXII.

But loue whilſt that thou maiſt be lou'd againe,
Now whilſt thy May hath fill'd thy lappe with flowers;
Now whilſt thy beautie beares without a ſtaine;
Now vſe thy Summer ſmiles ere winter lowres.
And whilſt thou ſpread'ſt vnto the ryſing ſunne,
The faireſt flowre that euer ſawe the light:
Now ioye thy time before thy ſweete be dunne,
And *Delia*, thinke thy morning muſt haue night.
And that thy brightnes ſets at length to weſt:
When thou wilt cloſe vp that which now thou ſhoweſt:
And thinke the ſame becomes thy fading beſt,
Which then ſhall hide it moſt, and couer loweſt.
Men doe not weigh the ſtalke for that it was,
When once they finde her flowre, her glory paſſe.

When

Sonnet XXXIII.

VVhen men ſhall finde thy flowre, thy glory paſſe,
And thou with carefull brow ſitting alone:
Receiued haſt this meſſage from thy glaſſe,
That tells thee trueth, and ſaies that all is gone.
Freſh ſhalt thou ſee in mee the woundes thou madeſt,
Though ſpent thy flame, in mee the heate remayning:
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadeſt,
My faith ſhall waxe, when thou art in thy wayning.
The world ſhall finde this miracle in mee,
That fire can burne, when all the matter's ſpent:
Then what my faith hath beene thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee,
And that thou waſt vnkinde thou maieſt repent.
Thou maiſt repent, that thou haſt ſcorn'd my teares,
When Winter ſnowes vppon thy golden heares.

Sonnet XXXIIII.

VVhen Winter ſnowes vpon thy golden heares,
And froſt of age hath nipt thy flowers neere:
When darke ſhall ſeeme thy day that neuer cleares,
And all lyes withred that was held ſo deere.
Then take this picture which I heere preſent thee,
Limned with a Penſill not all vnworthy:
Heere ſee the giftes that God and nature lent thee;
Heere read thy ſelfe, and what I ſuffred for thee,
This may remaine thy laſting monument,
Which happily poſteritie may cheriſh:
Theſe collours with thy fading are not ſpent;
Theſe may remaine, when thou and I ſhall periſh.
If they remaine, then thou ſhalt liue thereby;
They will remaine, and ſo thou canſt not dye.

Thou

Sonnet XXXV.

Thou canſt not dye whilſt any zeale abounde
In feeling harts, that can conceiue theſe lines:
Though thou a *Laura* haſt no *Petrarch* founde,
In baſe attire, yet cleerely Beautie ſhines.
And I, though borne in a colder clime,
Doe feele mine inward heate as great, I knowe it:
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better ſhew it.
But I may ad one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the faireſt Ile:
And if my penne could more enlarge thy name,
Then ſhouldſt thou liue in an immortall ſtile.
But though that *Laura* better limned bee,
Suffice, thou ſhalt be lou'd as well as ſhee.

Sonnet XXXVI.

O be not grieu'd that theſe my papers ſhould,
Bewray vnto the world howe faire thou art:
Or that my wits haue ſhew'd the beſt they could,
The chaſteſt flame that euer warmed hart.
Thinke not ſweete *Delia*, this ſhall be thy ſhame,
My Muſe ſhould ſound thy praiſe with mournefull warble:
How many liues the glory of whoſe name,
Shall reſt in yee, when thine is grau'd in Marble.
Thou maiſt in after ages liue eſteem'd,
Vnburied in theſe lines reſeru'd in purenes;
Theſe ſhall intombe thoſe eyes, that haue redeem'd
Mee frõm the vulgar, thee from all obſcurenes.
Although my carefull accents neuer mou'd thee;
Yet count it no diſgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

Sonnet XXVII.

Delia theſe eyes that ſo admireth thine,
Haue ſeene thoſe walles the which ambition reared,
To checke the world, how they intombd haue lyen
within themſelues; and on them ploughes haue eared.
Yet for all that no barbarous hand attaynde,
The ſpoyle of fame deſeru'd by vertuous men:
Whoſe glorious actions luckely had gainde,
Th'eternall Anualls of a happie pen.
Why then though *Delia* fade let that not moue her,
Though time do ſpoyle her of the faireſt vaile
That euer yet mortallitie did couer;
Which ſhall inſtarre the needle and the trayle.
That grace, that vertue, all that ſeru'd t'in woman;
Dooth her vnto eternitie aſſommon.

Sonnet XXXVIII.

Faire and louely maide, looke from the ſhore,
See thy *Leander* ſtriuing in theſe waues:
Poore ſoule fore-ſpent, whoſe force can doe no more,
Now ſend foorth hopes, for now calme pittie ſaues.
And wafte him to thee with thoſe louely eyes,
A happy conuoy to a holy lande:
Now ſhew thy powre, and where thy vertue lyes,
To ſaue thine owne, ſtretch out the fayreſt hand.
Stretch out the faireſt hand a pledge of peace,
That hand that dartes ſo right, and neuer miſſes:
Ile not reuenge olde wrongs, my wrath ſhall ceaſe;
For that which gaue me woundes, Ile giue it kiſſes.
Once let the Ocean of my cares finde ſhore,
That thou be pleas'd, and I may ſigh no more.

Reade

Sonnet XXXIX.

Reade in my face, a volume of deſpayres,
The wayling Iliades of my tragicke wo;
Drawne with my bloud, and printed with my cares,
Wrought by her hand, that I haue honoured ſo.
Who whilſt I burne, ſhe ſinges at my ſoules wrack,
Looking a loft from Turret of her pride:
There my ſoules tyrant ioyes her, in the ſack
Of her owne ſeate, whereof I made her guide.
There doe theſe ſmoakes that from affliction ryſe,
Serue as an incenſe to a cruell Dame:
A Sacrifize thrice gratefull to her eyes,
Becauſe their powre ſerue to exact the ſame.
Thus ruines ſhe, to ſatisfie her will;
The Temple, where her name was honored ſtill.

My

Sonnet XL.

My *Cynthia* hath the waters of mine eyes,
The ready handmaides on her grace attending:
That neuer fall to ebbe, nor euer dryes,
For to their flowe ſhe neuer graunts an ending.
Th'Ocean neuer did attende more duely,
Vppon his Soueraignes courſe, the nights pale Queene:
Nor paide the impoſt of his waues more truely,
Then mine to her in truth haue euer beene.
Yet nought the rocke of that hard hart can moue,
Where beate theſe teares with zeale, and fury driueth:
And yet I rather languiſh in her loue
Then I would ioy the fayreſt ſhe that liueth.
I doubt to finde ſuch pleaſure in my gayning,
As now I taſte in compas of complayning.

Howe

Sonnet XLI.

How long ſhall I in mine affliction morne,
A burthen to my ſelfe, diſtreſs'd in minde:
When ſhall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out deſpayre wherein they liue confin'd.
When ſhall her browe charg'd with diſdaine,
Reueale the treaſure which her ſmyles impart:
When ſhall my faith the happineſſe attaine,
To breake the yce that hath congeald her hart.
Vnto her ſelfe, her ſelfe my loue dooth ſommon,
If loue in her hath any powre to moue:
And let her tell me as ſhe is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deſeru'd her loue.
I knowe ſhe cannot but muſt needes confeſſe it,
Yet deignes not with one ſimple ſigne t'expreſſe it.

Sonnet XLII.

Beautie, ſweet loue, is like the morning dewe,
Whoſe ſhort refreſh vpon the tender greene,
Cheeres for a time but tyll the Sunne doth ſhew,
And ſtraight tis gone as it had neuer beene.
Soone doth it fade that makes the faireſt floriſh,
Short is the glory of the bluſhing Roſe,
The hew which thou ſo carefully dooſt nouriſh,
Yet which at length thou muſt be forc'd to loſe.
When thou ſurcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth:
When tyme hath made a paſport for thy feares,
Dated in age the Kalends of our death.
But ah no more, thys hath beene often tolde,
And women grieue to thinke they muſt be old.

Sonnet XLIII.

I muſt not grieue my Loue, whoſe eyes would reede,
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might ſmyle:
Flowers haue a tyme before they come to ſeede,
And she is young and now muſt ſport the while.
Ah ſport ſweet Mayde in ſeaſon of theſe yeeres,
And learne to gather flowers before they wither:
And where the ſweeteſt bloſſoms firſt appeares,
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleaſures thither.
Lighten forth ſmyles to cleere the clowded ayre,
And calme the tempeſt which my ſighes doe rayſe:
Pittie and ſmyles doe beſt become the fayre,
Pittie and ſmyles ſhall yeeld thee laſting prayſe.
I hope to ſay when all my griefes are gone,
Happy the hart that ſigh'd for ſuch a one.

Sonnet XLIIII.

Drawne vvith th'attractiue vertue of her eyes,
My toucht hart tunres it to that happie coſt:
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lyes,
The leuell of my hopes deſired moſt.
There vvhere my *Delia* fayrer then the ſunne,
Deckt with her youth whereon the world ſmyleth:
Ioyes in that honour vvhich her beautie wonne,
Th'eternall volume vvhich her fame compyleth.
Floriſh faire *Albion*, glory of the North,
Neptunes darling helde betweene his armes:
Deuided from the world as better worth,
Kept for himſelfe, defended from all harmes.
Still let diſarmed peace decke her and thee;
And Muſe-foe *Mars*, abroade farre foſtred bee.

Care-

Sonnet XLV.

Care-charmer ſleepe, ſonne of the Sable night,
Brother to death, in ſilent darknes borne:
Relieue my languiſh, and reſtore the light,
With darke forgetting of my cares returne.
And let the day be time enough to morne,
The ſhipwrack of my ill-aduentred youth:
Let vvaking eyes ſuffice to vvayle theyr ſcorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.
Ceaſe dreames, th'ymagery of our day deſires,
To modell foorth the paſsions of the morrow:
Neuer let ryſing Sunne approue you lyers,
To adde more griefe to aggrauat my ſorrow.
Still let me ſleepe, imbracing clovvdes in vaine;
And neuer vvake, to feele the dayes diſdayne.

Sonnet XLVI.

Let others ſing of Knights and Palladines,
In aged accents, and vntimely words:
Paint ſhadowes in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I muſt ſing of thee and thoſe faire eyes,
Autentique ſhall my verſe in time to come,
When yet th'vnborne ſhall ſay, loe where ſhe lyes,
Whoſe beautie made him ſpeake that els was dombe.
These are the Arkes the Tropheis I erect,
That fortifie thy name againſt old age,
And theſe thy ſacred vertues muſt protect,
Againſt the Darke and times conſuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth they ſhall diſcouer,
Suffice they ſhew I liu'd and was thy louer.

Like

Sonnet XLVII.

Like as the Lute that ioyes or els diſlikes,
As is his arte that playes vpon the ſame:
So ſounds my Muſe according as ſhe ſtrikes,
On my hart ſtrings high tun'd vnto her fame.
Her touch doth cauſe the warble of the ſound,
Which heere I yeeld in lamentable wiſe,
A wailing deskant on the ſweeteſt ground,
Whoſe due reports giue honor to her eyes.
Els harſh my ſtyle, vntunable my Muſe,
Hoarce ſounds the voyce that prayſeth not her name:
If any pleaſing realiſh heere I vſe,
Then iudge the world her beautie giues the ſame.
O happie ground that makes the muſique ſuch,
And bleſſed hand that giues ſo ſweete a tuch.

None

Sonnet XLVIII.

None other fame myne vnambitious Muſe,
Affected euer but t'eternize thee:
All other honours doe my hopes refuſe,
Which meaner priz'd and momentarie bee.
For God forbid I ſhould my papers blot,
With mercynary lines, with ſeruile pen:
Praiſing vertues in them that haue them not,
Baſely attending on the hopes of men.
No no my verſe reſpects nor Thames nor Theaters,
Nor ſeekes it to be knowne vnto the Great:
But *Auon* rich in fame, though poore in waters,
Shall haue my ſong, where *Delia* hath her ſeate.
Auon ſhall be my Thames, and ſhe my Song;
Ile ſound her name the Ryuer all along.

Vnhappy

Sonnet XLIX.

Vnhappy pen and ill accepted papers,
That intimate in vaine my chaſte deſiers,
My chaſte deſiers, the euer burning tapers,
Inkindled by her eyes celeſtiall fiers.
Celeſtiall fiers and vnreſpecting powers,
That deigne not view the glory of your might,
In humble lines the worke of carefull howers,
The ſacrifice I offer to her ſight.
But ſith ſhe ſcornes her owne, this reſts for me,
Ile mone my ſelfe, and hide the wrong I haue:
And ſo content me that her frownes ſhould be
To my infant ſtile the cradle, and the graue.
What though my ſelfe no honor get thereby,
Each byrd ſings t'herſelfe, and ſo will I.

H. Loe

Sonnet L.

Loe heere the impoſt of a faith vnfaining,
That loue hath paide,and her diſdaine extorted:
Beholde the meſſage of my iuſt complayning,
That ſhewes the world how much my griefe imported.
Theſe tributary plaintes fraught with deſire,
I ſende thoſe eyes the cabinets of loue;
The Paradice whereto my hopes aſpire,
From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.
Wherein I thus doe liue caſt downe from myrth,
Penſiue alone,none but deſpayre about mee;
My ioyes abortiue,periſht at their byrth,
My carres long liu'de,and will not dye without mee.
This is my ſtate, and *Delias* hart is ſuch;
I ſay no more,I feare I ſaide too much.

FINIS.

An Ode.

Nowe each creature ioyes the other,
Paſsing happy daies and howers:
One byrd reports to another,
In the fall of ſiluer ſhowers,
Whilſt the earth our common mother,
Hath her boſome deckt with flowers.

VVhilſt the greateſt torch of heauen,
With bright rayes warmes *Floras* lappe:
Making nights and dayes both euen,
Cheering plants with freſher ſappe:
My field of flowers quite be-reauen,
Wants refreſh of better happe.

Ode.

Eccho daughter of the ayre,
Babbling gheſte of Rocks and Hills,
Knowes the name of my fearce Fayre,
And ſoundes the accents of my ills:
Each thing pitties my diſpaire,
Whilſt that ſhe her Louer kills.

Whilſt that ſhe O cruell Maide,
Doth me, and my true loue diſpiſe:
My liues floriſh is decayde
That depended on her eyes:
But her will muſt be obaide,
And well he'ends for loue who dies.

FINIS.

THE COMPLAINT OF *ROSAMOND.*

OVT from the horror of infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghoſt comes heere to plaine it:
Attended with my ſhame that neuer ſleepes,
The ſpot wherewith my kinde, and youth did ſtaine it:
My body found a graue where to containe it,
A ſheete could hide my face, but not my ſin,
For Fame finds neuer tombe t' incloſe it in.

And which is worſe, my ſoule is nowe denied,
Her tranſport to the ſweet Eliſean reſt,
The ioyfull bliſſe for ghoſts repurified,
Th' euer ſpringing Gardens of the bleſt,
Caron denies me waftage with the reſt.
And ſayes my ſoule can neuer paſſe that Riuer,
Till Louers ſighes on earth ſhall it deliuer.

So ſhall I neuer paſſe; for how ſhould I
Procure this ſacrifice amongſt the liuing?
Time hath long ſince worne out the memorie,
Both of my life, and liues vniuſt depriuing:
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.
Roſamond hath little left her but her name,
And that diſgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the ſame.

No Muſe ſuggeſts the pittie of my caſe,
Each penne dooth ouerpaſſe my iuſt complaint,
Whilſt others are preferd, though farre more baſe:
Shores wife is grac'd, and paſſes for a Saint;
Her Legend iuſtifies her foule attaint;
Her well-told tale did ſuch compaſsion finde,
That ſhe is paſs'd, and I am left behinde.

Which ſeene with griefe, my myſerable ghoſt,
(*VVhilome* inueſted in ſo faire a vaile,
Which whilſt it liu'd, was honoured of the moſt,
And being dead, giues matter to bewaile)
Comes to ſollicit thee, ſince other faile,
To take this taske, and in thy wofull Song
To forme my caſe, and regiſter my wrong.

Although I knowe thy iuſt lamenting Muſe,
Toylde in th'affliction of thine owne diſtreſſe,
In others cares hath little time to vſe,
And therefore maiſt eſteeme of mine the leſſe:
Yet as thy hopes attend happie redreſſe,
Thy ioyes depending on a womans grace,
So moue thy minde a wofull womans caſe.

Delia may happe to deynge to read our ſtory,
And offer vp her ſigh among the reſt,
Whoſe merit would ſuffice for both our glorie,
Whereby thou might'ſt be grac'd, and I be bleſt,
That indulgence would profit me the beſt;
Such powre ſhe hath by whom thy youth is lead,
To ioy the liuing and to bleſſe the dead.

So I through beautie made the wofull'ſt vvight,
By beautie might haue comfort after death:
That dying fayreſt, by the fayreſt might
Finde life aboue on earth, and reſt beneath:
She that can bleſſe vs with one happy breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muſe to doe her beſt.
That thereby thou maiſt ioy, and I might reſt.

Thus ſaide: forthwith mou'd with a tender care
And pittie, which my ſelfe could neuer finde:
What ſhe deſir'd, my Muſe deygn'd to declare,
And therefore will'd her boldly tell her minde:
And I more willing tooke this charge aſsignd,
Becauſe her griefes were worthy to be knowne,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

Then

Then write quoth ſhee the ruine of my youth,
Report the downe-fall of my ſlippry ſtate:
Of all my life reueale the ſimple truth,
To teach to others, what I learnt too late:
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell howe Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come, to know them tis forbidden.

For whilſt the ſunn-ſhine of my fortune laſted,
I ioy'd the happieſt warmth, the ſweeteſt heat
That euer yet imperious beautie taſted,
I had what glory euer fleſh could get:
But this faire morning had a ſhamefull ſet;
Diſgrace darkt honor, ſinne did clowde my brow,
As note the ſequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The blood I ſtaind was good and of the beſt,
My birth had honor, and my beautie fame:
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make me bleſt,
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vſe the ſame:
My education shew'd from whence I came,
And all concur'd to make me happy furſt,
That ſo great hap might make me more accurſt.

Happie liu'd I whilſt Parents eye did guide,
The indiſcretion of my feeble wayes:
And Country home kept me from being eyde,
Where beſt vnknowne I ſpent my ſweeteſt dayes;
Till that my frindes mine honour ſought to rayſe,
To higher place, which greater credite yeeldes,
Deeming ſuch beauty was vnfit for feeldes.

From Country then to Court I was preferr'd,
From calme to ſtormes, from ſhore into the deepes:
There where I periſh'd, where my youth firſt err'd;
There where I loſt the Flowre which honour keepes;
There where the worſer thriues, the better weepes;
Ah me poore wench, on this vnhappy ſhelfe
I grounded me, and caſt away my ſelfe.

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth
With rareſt proofe of beautie euer ſeene:
When my reuiuing eye had learnt the truth,
That it had powre to make the winter greene,
And flowre affections whereas none had beene:
Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize.
And make the world do homage to mine eyes.

The complaint

For age I ſaw, though yeeres with cold conceit,
Congeald theyr thoughts againſt a warme deſire:
Yet ſigh their want, and looke at ſuch a baite,
I ſaw how youth was waxe before the fire:
I ſaw by ſtealth, I fram'd my looke a lire,
Yet well perceiu'd how Fortune made me then,
The enuy of my ſexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the firſt appearing,
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it:
Or as the ſaddeſt tale at ſuddaine hearing,
Makes ſilent liſtning vnto him that told it:
So did my ſpeech when rubies did vnfold it;
So did the blaſing of my bluſh appeere,
T'amaze the world, that holds ſuch ſights ſo deere.

Ah beauty Syren, fayre enchaunting good,
Sweet ſilent rethorique of perſwading eyes:
Dombe eloquence, whoſe powre doth moue the blood,
More then the words, or wiſedome of the wiſe:
Still harmonie, whoſe diapaſon lyes
Within a brow, the key which paſsions moue,
To rauiſh ſence, and play a world in loue.

What

What might I then not doe whoſe powre was ſuch?
What cannot vvomen doe that know theyr powre?
What women knowes it not I feare too much,
How bliſſe or bale lyes in theyr laugh or lowre?
Whilſt they enioy their happy blooming flowre,
Whilſt nature decks her with her proper fayre (th'ayre,
Which cheeres the worlde, ioyes each ſight, ſweetens

Such one was I, my beautie was mine owne,
No borrowed bluſh which banck-rot beauties ſeeke:
The newfound-ſhame, a ſinne to vs vnknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke:
Vild ſtaine to honor and to women eeke,
Seeing that time our fading muſt detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impiety of times, chaſtities abator,
Falſhod, wherein thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe denieſt:
Treaſon, to counterfeit the ſeale of nature,
The ſtampe of heauen, impreſsed by the hieſt.
Diſgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lyeſt,
Idol vnto thy ſelfe, ſhame to the wiſe,
And all that honors thee idolatriſe.

Farre was that ſinne from vs whoſe age was pure,
When ſimple beautie was accounted beſt,
The time when women had no other lure
But modeſtie, pure cheekes, a vertuous breſt:
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was bleſt;
These were the weapons which mine honour wunne
In all the conflicts that mine eyes begunne.

VVhich were not ſmall, I wrought on no meane obiect;
A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obaide mee:
Whom Fortune made my King, Loue made my Subiect,
Who did commaund the Land, moſt humbly praid mee:
Henry the ſecond, that ſo highly weigh'd mee,
Founde well by proofe the priuiledge of Beautie,
That it hath powre to counter-maund all duetie.

For after all his victories in Fraunce,
Tryumphing in the honour of his deedes:
Vnmatch'd by ſword, vvas vanquiſht by a glaunce,
And hotter warres within his boſome breedes:
Warres vvhom whole Legions of deſires feedes,
Againſt all which my chaſtitiy oppoſes,
The fielde of honour, vertue neuer loſes.

No armour might bee founde that coulde defend,
Tranſpearcing rayes of Chriſtall-pointed eyes:
No Stratagem, no reaſon could amend,
No not his age; yet olde men ſhould be wiſe:
Bnt ſhewes deceiue, outward appearance lyes;
Let none for ſeeming ſo, thinke Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue ſuckt their Mothers.

VVho would haue thought, a Monarch would haue euer
Obayed his handmaide, of ſo meane a ſtate;
Vultur ambition feeding on his lyuer,
Age hauing worne his pleaſures out of date:
But happe comes neuer or it comes too late,
For ſuch a daintie which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chaunce allot.

Ah Fortune neuer abſolutely good,
For that ſome croſſe ſtill counterchecks our luck:
As heere beholde th' incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we ſtuck:
Whoſe loathing, we from natures breſts do ſuck,
As oppoſit to what our blood requires;
For equall age doth equall like deſires.

But mightie men in higheſt honor ſitting,
Nought but applauſe and pleaſure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, careleſſe what is fitting,
May not be ſuffred once to thinke the'are old:
Not truſting what they ſee, but what is told.
Miſerable fortune to forget ſo farre,
The ſtate of fleſh, and what our frailties are.

Yet muſt I needes excuſe ſo great defect,
For drinking of the *Lethe* of myne eyes:
H'is forc'd forget himſelfe, and all reſpect
Of maieſtie whereon his ſtate relyes:
And now of loues, and pleaſures muſt deuiſe.
For thus reuiu'd againe, he ſerues and ſu'th,
And ſeekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by aſſault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in ſtrength of chaſte deſires:
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchaſt louer,
The Crowne that could commaund what it requires,
I leſſer priz'd then chaſtities attires,
Th'vnſtained vaile, which innocents adornes,
Th'vngathred Roſe, defended with the thornes.

And ſafe mine honor ſtoode till that in truth,
One of my Sexe, of place, and nature bad:
Was ſet in ambuſh to intrap my youth,
One in the habit of like frailtie clad,
One who the liu'ry of like weakenes had.
A ſeeming Matrone, yet a ſinfull monſter,
As by her words the chaſter ſort may conſter.

Shee ſet vpon me with the ſmootheſt ſpeech,
That Court and age could cunningly deuiſe:
Th'one autentique made her fit to teach,
The other learnt her how to ſubteliſe:
Both were enough to circumuent the wiſe.
A document that well may teach the ſage,
That there's no truſt in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (ſaith ſhe) behold thy happy chaunce,
That haſt the lot caſt downe into thy lap,
VVhereby thou maiſt thy honor great aduaunce,
VVhilſt thou (vnhappy) wilt not ſee thy hap:
Such fond reſpect thy youth doth ſo inwrap,
T'oppoſe thy ſelfe againſt thine owne good fortune,
That points thee out, and ſeemes thee to importune.

Dooſt

Dooſt thou not ſee how that thy King thy *Ioue*,
Lightens foorth glory on thy darke eſtate:
And ſhowres downe golde and treaſure from aboue,
Whilſt thou dooſt ſhutte thy lappe againſt thy fate:
Fye fondling fye, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; that canſt not ſee
What is the fortune that dooth followe thee.

Thou muſt not thinke thy flowre can alwayes floriſh,
And that thy beautie will be ſtill admired:
But that thoſe rayes which all theſe flames doe nouriſh,
Canceld with Time, will haue their date expyred,
And men will ſcorne what now is ſo deſired:
Our frailtyes doome is written in the flowers,
Which floriſh now and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow:
I haue beene faire, I muſt confeſſe the trueth,
And ſtoode vppon as nice reſpects as thow;
I loſt my time, and I repent it now;
But were I to beginne my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I ſpent in vayne.

But thou haſt yeeres and priuiledge to vſe them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare beauties great ſeale:
Beſides, the law of nature doth excuſe them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iuſt appeale:
Eſteeme not fame more then thou dooſt thy weale,
Fame, wherof the world ſeemes to make ſuch choyce:
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voyce.

Then why ſhould thys reſpect of honor bound vs,
In th' imaginary liſts of reputation?
Titles which cold ſeueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation:
Melancholies opinion, cuſtoms relation;
Pleaſures plague, beauties ſcourge, hell to the fayre,
To leaue the ſweete for Caſtles in the ayre.

Pleaſure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we ſee how many are bereau'd,
Which ſhould haue rep'd the glory they had ſowne,
And many haue it, yet vnworthy knowne.
So breathes his blaſts this many-headed beaſt,
Whereof the wiſeſt haue eſteemed leaſt.

The ſubtile Citty-women better learned,
Eſteeme them chaſt ynough that beſt ſeeme ſo:
Who though they ſport, it ſhall not be diſcerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies doe;
Tis warie walking that doth ſafliеſt goe.
With ſhew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with ſweetes, and men with ſhowes.

Then vſe thy tallent, youth ſhall be thy warrant,
And let not honor from thy ſports detract:
Thou muſt not fondly thinke thy ſelfe tranſparent,
That thoſe who ſee thy face can iudge the fact;
Let her haue ſhame that cannot cloſely act.
And ſeeme the chaſt, which is the cheefeſt arte,
For what we ſeeme each ſees, none knowes our harte.

The mightie who can with ſuch ſinnes diſpence,
In ſteed of ſhame doe honors great beſtow:
A worthie author doth redeeme th'offence,
And makes the ſcarelet ſinne as white as ſnow.
The Maieſtie that doth deſcend ſo low,
Is not defilde, but pure remaines therein:
And being ſacred, ſanctifies the ſin.

What,

What, dooſt thou ſtand on thys, that he is olde,
Thy beauty hath the more to worke vppon:
Thy pleaſures want ſhal be ſupply'd with gold,
Cold age dotes moſt when the heate of youth is gone:
Enticing words preuaile with ſuch a one,
Alluring ſhewes moſt deepe impreſsion ſtrikes,
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere interupt ſhe leaues me in a doubt,
When loe began the combat in my blood:
Seeing my youth inuirond round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reaſons ſtood;
Small my defence to make my party good,
Againſt ſuch powers which were ſo ſurely layde,
To ouerthrow a poore vnskilful mayde.

Treaſon was in my bones my ſelfe conſpyring,
To ſell my ſelfe to luſt, my ſoule to ſinne:
Pure-bluſhing ſhame was in retiring,
Leauing the ſacred hold it glory'd in.
Honor lay proſtrate for my fleſh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakenes can vpbray
Againſt my ſelfe, and ſhame did force me ſay.

The complaint

Ah *Roſamond*, what doth thy fleſh prepare,
Deſtruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame:
Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,
T' intombe with blacke reproch a ſpotted name,
Leauing thy bluſh the collours of thy ſhame.
Opening thy feete to ſinne, thy ſoule to luſt,
Graceleſſe to lay thy glorie in the duſt.

Nay firſt let th'earth gape wide to ſwallow thee,
And ſhut thee vp in boſome with her dead:
Ere Serpent tempt thee taſte forbidden tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed:
Suffring thy ſelfe by luſt to be miſled;
So to diſgrace thy ſelfe and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race ſhould ſcorne thee one of theyrs.

Neuer wiſh longer to inioy the ayre,
Then that thou breath'ſt the breath of chaſtitie:
Longer then thou preſeru'ſt thy ſoule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie:
Thy face that makes th'admired in euery eye:
Where natures care ſuch rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amiſſe, may ſerue to damne thy ſoule.

But

But what? he is my King and may conſtraine me,
Whether I yeelde or not I liue defamed:
The world will thinke authority did gaine me,
I ſhal be iudg'd hys loue, and ſo be ſhamed:
We ſee the fayre condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yeeld, tis honorable ſhame,
If not, I liue diſgrac'd, yet thought the ſame.

What way is left thee then vnhappy mayde,
Whereby thy ſpotleſſe foote may wander out
Thys dreadfull danger, which thou ſeeſt is layd,
VVherein thy ſhame doth compaſſe thee about?
Thy ſimple yeeres cannot reſolue this doubt.
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote ſo euen,
But in deſpight ſome ſcandall will be giuen.

Thus ſtood I ballanc'd equallie precize,
Till my fraile fleſh did weigh me downe to ſinne:
Till vvorld and pleaſure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did winne;
When to excuſe my fault my luſts beginne,
And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clauſe,
That though I ſinn'd, my ſinne had honeſt cauſe.

So well the golden balles caſt downe before me,
Could entertaine my courſe, hinder my way:
Whereat my rechleſſe youth ſtooping to ſtore me,
Loſt me the gole, the glory, and the day.
Pleaſure had ſet my wel-skoold thoughts to play,
And bade me vſe the vertue of mine eyes,
For ſweetly it fits the fayre to wantoniſe.

Thus wrought to ſinne, ſoone was I traind from Court,
To a ſolitarie Grange there to attend:
The time the King ſhould thether make reſort,
Where he loues long deſired-work ſhould end.
Thether he daily meſſages doth ſend,
With coſtly iewels orators of loue:
Which (ah too well men know) doe women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greets me with a Casket richly wrought:
So rare, that arte did ſeeme to ſtriue with nature,
T' expreſſe the cunning work-mans curious thought;
The miſtery whereof I prying ſought.
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Amymone how ſhe with *Neptune* ſtroue.

Amymone old *Danaus* fayreſt daughter,
As ſhe was fetching water all alone
At *Lerna*: whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom ſhe ſtriu'd and ſtrugled to be gone,
Beating the ayre with cryes and pittious mone.
But all in vaine, with him ſh'is forc'd to goe:
Tis ſhame that men ſhould vſe poore maydens ſo.

There might I ſee deſcribed how ſhe lay,
At thoſe proude feete, not ſatisfied with prayer:
Wailing her heauie hap, curſing the day,
In act ſo pittious to expreſſe diſpaire:
And by how much more greeu'd, ſo much more fayre;
Her teares vpon her cheekes poore carefull gerle,
Did ſeeme againſt the ſunne criſtall and perle.

VVhoſe pure cleere ſtreames, which loe ſo faire appeares,
VVrought hotter flames, O myracle of loue,
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beautie mightier proue:
Teaching afflicted affects to moue;
To ſhew that nothing ill becomes the fayre,
But crueltie, that yeeldes vnto no prayer.

Thys

This hauing viewd and therewith ſomething moued,
Figured I found within the other ſquares:
Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deerely loued,
In her affliction how ſhe ſtrangely fares,
Strangelie diſtreſs'd, (O beautie borne to cares)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept vvith iealous eyes,
Alwaies in danger of her hatefull ſpyes.

Theſe preſidents preſented to my vievv,
Wherein the preſage of my fall was ſhowne:
Might haue fore-vvarn'd me well what would enſue,
And others harmes haue made me ſhunne mine owne;
But fate is not preuented though fore-knowne.
For that muſt hap decreed by heauenly powers,
VVho worke our fall, yet make the fault ſtill ours.

VVitnes the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miſeries vnkend before they come:
VVho can the characters of chaunce diſcipher,
VVritten in clowdes of our concealed dome?
VVhich though perhaps haue beene reueald to ſome,
Yet that ſo doubtfull as ſucceſſe did proue them,
That men muſt know they haue the heauens aboue thē.

I ſawe the ſinne wherein my foote was entring,
I ſawe how that diſhonour did attend it,
I ſawe the ſhame whereon my fleſh was ventring,
Yet had I had not the powre for to defende it;
So weake is ſence when error hath condemn'd it:
We ſee what's good, and thereto we conſent vs;
But yet we chooſe the worſt, and ſoone repent vs.

And now I come to tell the worſt of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere:
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in ſtilnes,
And dreadfull blacke, had diſpoſſeſs'd the cleere:
Com'd was the night, mother of ſleepe and feare,
Who with her ſable mantle friendly couers,
The ſweet-ſtolne ſports, of ioyfull meeting Louers.

When loe I ioyde my Louer not my Loue,
And felt the hand of luſt moſt vndeſired:
Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter ſweete to proue,
Which yeelde no mutuall pleaſure when tis hired.
Loue' s not conſtrain'd, nor yet of due required,
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to co come into a loathed bed.

But ſoone his age receiu'd his ſhort contenting,
And ſleepe ſeald vp his languiſhing deſires:
VVhen he turnes to his reſt, I to repenting,
Into my ſelfe my waking thought retires:
My nakednes had prou'd my ſences liers.
Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein,
For firſt we taſte the fruite, then ſee our ſin.

Now did I find my ſelfe vnparadis'd,
From thoſe pure fieldes of my ſo cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
My fleſh gan loathe the new-felt touch of ſinning:
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at firſt winning.
For nature checks a new offence with lothing:
But vſe of ſinne doth make it ſeeme as nothing.

And vſe of ſinne did worke in me a boldnes,
And loue in him, incorporates ſuch zeale:
That iealoſie inereas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to looſe the ioy of all his weale.
Or doubting time his ſtealth might els reueale,
H'is driuen to deuiſe ſome ſubtile way,
How he might ſafelieſt keepe ſo rich a pray.

A ſtately Pallace he foorthwith did buylde,
Whoſe intricate innumerable wayes,
With ſuch confuſed errors ſo beguil'd
Th'vnguided entrers with vncertaine ſtrayes,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delayes,
With bootleſſe labor leading them about,
Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the cloſed boſome of which frame,
That ſeru'd a Center to that goodly round:
Were lodgings, with a garden to the ſame,
With ſweeteſt flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleaſures that delight hath found,
T'entertaine the ſence of wanton eyes,
Fuell of loue, from whence luſts flames ariſe.

Heere I inclos'd from all the world a ſunder,
The Minotaure of ſhame kept for diſgrace:
The monſter of fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloyſtred in ſo deſolate a caſe:
None but the King might come into the place.
With certaine maides that did attend my neede,
And he himſelfe came guided by a threed.

The complaint

O Iealouſie, daughter of enuy, and loue
Moſt wayward iſſue of a gentle Syer;
Foſtred with feares, thy Fathers ioyes t'improue,
Myrth-marring Monſter, borne a ſubtile lyer;
Hatefull vnto thy ſelfe, flying thine owne deſier:
Feeding vpon ſuſpect that dooth renue thee,
Happie were Louers if they neuer knewe thee.

Thou haſt a thouſand gates thou entereſt by,
Conducting trembling paſsions to our hart:
Hundred eyed *Argos*, euer waking Spye,
Pale hagge, infernall fury, pleaſures ſmart,
Enuious Obſeruer, prying in euery part;
Suſpicious, fearefull, gazing ſtill about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didſt depriue (through falſe ſuggeſting feare)
Him of content, and me of libertie:
The onely good that women holde ſo deare,
And turnſt my freedome to captiuitie,
Firſt made a Priſoner, ere an enemy:
Enioynd the raunſome of my bodies ſhame,
Which though I paide could not redeeme the ſame.

What

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the fayre to liue retired:
For what is Beautie if it be not seene,
Or what is't to be seene vnlesse admired?
And though admyred, vnlesse in loue desired?
Neuer were cheekes of Roses, locks of Amber,
Ordayn'd to liue imprisond in a Chamber.

Nature created Beautie for the view,
Like as the fire for heate, the Sunne for light:
The Faire doe holde this priuiledge as due,
By auncient Charter, to liue most in sight,
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vaine our friends in this vse their dehorting,
For Beautie will be where is most resorting.

Witnest the fayrest streetes that Thames doth visit,
The wonrdous concourse of the glittering Faire:
For what rare women deckt with Beautie is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire.
The solitary Country may not stay her,
Heere is the center of all beauties best,
Excepting *Delia*, left to adorne the West.

Heere doth the curious with iudiciall eyes,
Contemplate beauty glorioufly attired:
And heerein all our cheefeft glory lyes,
To liue where we are prais'd and moft deſired.
O how we ioy to ſee our ſelues admired,
Whilſt niggardly our fauours we diſcouer,
VVe loue to be belou'd, yet ſcorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer moued
From Countrey ſafety, from the fields of reſt:
To know the danger to be highly loued,
And lyue in pompe to braue among the beſt,
Happy for me, better had I beene bleſt;
If I vnluckely had neuer ſtrayde:
But liu'd at home a happy Country mayde.

Whoſe vnaffected innocencie thinks
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer:
Sh's deckt with trueth, the Riuer where ſhe drinks
Doth ſerue her for her glaſſe, her counſell giuer:
She loues ſincerely, and is loued euer.
Her dayes are peace, and ſo ſhe ends her breath,
True life that knowes not what's to die till death.

So

So ſhould I neuer haue beene regiſtred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate:
Nor had my name enrold with Maydes miſled,
Which bought theyr pleaſures at ſo hie a rate.
Nor had I taught through my vnhappy fate,
This leſſon which my ſelfe learnt with expence,
How moſt it hurts that moſt delights the ſence.

Shame followes ſinne, diſgrace is duly giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer ſo cloſely doone:
No walles can hide vs from the eyes of heauen,
For ſhame muſt end what wickedneſſe begun:
Forth breakes reproch when we leaſt thinke thereon.
And thys is euer propper vnto Courts:
That nothing can be doone but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lyes moſt ſecrete hidden,
Entring the cloſet of the Pallace dweller:
Abroade reuealing what is moſt forbidden,
Of trueth and falſhood both an equall teller:
Tis not a guarde can ſerue for to expell her,
The ſword of iuſtice cannot cutte her wings,
Nor ſtop her mouth from vttring ſecrete things.

And

And this our ſtealth ſhe could not long conceale,
From her whom ſuch a forfeit moſt concerned:
The wronged Qneene, who could ſo cloſely deale:
That ſhe the whole of all our practiſe learned,
And watcht a time when leaſt it was diſcerned,
In abſence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
With ſuch reuenge as ſhe deſired long.

The Laborinth ſhe entred by that threed
That ſeru'd a conduct to my abſent Lord:
Left there by chaunce, reſeru'd for ſuch a deede,
Where ſhe ſurpriz'd me whom ſhe ſo abhord.
Enrag'd with madnes, ſcarce ſhe ſpeakes a word,
But flyes with eger fury to my face,
Offring me moſt vnwomanly diſgrace.

Looke how a Tygreſſe that hath loſt her whelpe,
Runs fearcely raging through the woods aſtray:
And ſeeing her ſelfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Furiouſly aſſaults what's in her way,
To ſatisfie her wrath, not for a pray:
So fell ſhe on me in outragious wiſe,
As could Diſdaine and Iealouſie deuiſe.

And after all her vile reproches vſed,
She forc'd me take the poyſon ſhe had brought:
To end the lyfe that had her ſo abuſed,
And free her feares, and eaſe her iealous thought.
No crueltie her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No ſpightfull act that to reuenge is common:
For no beaſt fearcer then a iealous woman.

Thoſe handes that beauties miniſters had bin,
Muſt now gyue death, that me adorn'd of late:
That mouth that newly gaue conſent to ſin,
Muſt now receiue deſtruction in there-at.
That body which my luſts did violate,
Muſt ſacrifice it ſelfe t'appeaſe the wrong,
So ſhort is pleaſure, glory laſts not long.

The poyſon ſoone diſperc'd through all my vaines,
Had diſpoſſeſs'd my liuing ſences quite:
When naught reſpecting, death the laſt of paines,
Plac'd his pale collours, the'nſigne of his might,
Vpon hys new-got ſpoyle before his right;
Thence chac'd my ſoule, ſetting my day ere noone,
When I leaſt thought my ioyes could end ſo ſoone.

And as conuaid t'vntimely funerals,
My ſcarce colde corſe not ſuffred longer ſtay:
Behold the King (by chance) returning, falls
T' incounter with the ſame vpon the way,
As he repaird to ſee his deereſt ioy.
Not thinking ſuch a meeting could haue beene,
To ſee his loue, and ſeeing beene vnſeene.

Iudge thoſe whom chaunce depriues of ſweeteſt treaſure,
What tis to loſe a thing we hold ſo deare:
The beſt delight, wherein our ſoule takes pleaſure,
The ſweet of life, that penetrates ſo neare.
What paſsions feeles that hart, inforc'd to beare
*T*he deepe impreſsion of ſo ſtrange a ſight?
*T*ongue, pen, nor art, can neuer ſhew a right.

*A*maz'd he ſtandes, nor voyce nor body ſteares,
Words had no paſſage, teares no iſſue found:
For ſorrow ſhut vp words, wrath kept in teares,
Confus'd affects each other doe confounde:
Oppreſs'd with griefe his paſsions had no bounde:
Striuing to tell his woes, wordes would not come;
For light cares ſpeake, when mightie griefes are dombe.

At length extremitie breakes out away,
Through which th'impriſoned voice with teares attended,
Wayles out a ſound that ſorrowes doe bewray:
With armes a croſſe and eyes to heauen bended,
Vauporing out ſighes that to the skyes aſcended.
Sighes, the poore eaſe calamitie affords,
Which ſerue for ſpeech when ſorrow wanteth words.

O heauens (quoth he) why doe myne eyes behold,
The hatefull rayes of this vnhappy ſonne?
VVhy haue I light to ſee my ſinnes controld,
VVith blood of mine owne ſhame thus vildly donne?
How can my ſight endure to looke thereon?
Why doth not blacke eternall darknes hide,
That from myne eyes my hart cannot abide?

What ſaw my life, wherein my ſoule might ioy?
What had my dayes, whom troubles ſtill afflicted?
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy,
This ioy, this hope, which death hath interdicted:
This ſweete, whoſe loſſe hath all diſtreſſe afflicted.
This that did ſeaſon all my ſowre of life,
Vext ſtill at home with broyles, abroade in ſtrife.

Vext ſtyll at home with broyles, abrode in ſtrife,
Diſſention in my blood, iarres in my bed:
Diſtruſt at boord, ſuſpecting ſtill my life,
Spending the night in horror, dayes in dred;
Such life hath tyrants, and thys lyfe I led.
These myſeries goe mask'd in glittering ſhowes,
VVhich wiſemen ſee, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as theſe paſsions doe him ouer-whelme,
He drawes him neere my bodie to behold it:
And as the Vine maried vnto the Elme
With ſtrict imbraces, ſo doth he infold it;
And as he in hys carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that euen death commends,
On ſenceleſſe lips, millions of kyſſes ſpends.

Pittifull mouth (quoth he) that liuing gaueſt
The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoule could wiſh:
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou haueſt,
Thys ſorrowing farewell of a dying kiſſe.
And you fayre eyes, containers of my bliſſe,
Motiues of loue, borne to be matched neuer:
Entomb'd in your ſweet circles ſleepe for euer.

Ah how me thinks I ſee death dallying ſeekes,
To entertaine it ſelfe in loues ſweet place:
Decayed Roſes of diſcoloured cheekes,
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace:
And ougly death ſits faire within her face;
Sweet remnants reſting of vermilion red,
That death it ſelfe, doubts whether ſhe be dead.

VVonder of beautie, oh receiue theſe plaints,
The obſequies, the laſt that I ſhall make thee:
For loe my ſoule that now already faints,
(That lou'd thee lyuing, dead will not forſake thee,)
Haſtens her ſpeedy courſe to ouer-take thee.
Ile meete my death, and free my ſelfe thereby,
For ah what can he doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my ſoule doth vow,
Reuenge ſhall ſweeten death with eaſe of minde:
And I will cauſe poſterity ſhall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all women kind.
And after ages monuments ſhall find,
Shewing thy beauties title not thy name,
Roſe of the world that ſweetned ſo the ſame.

This ſaid, though more deſirous yet to ſay,
(For ſorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer)
He doth repreſſe what griefe would els bewray,
Leaſt that too much his paſsions might diſcouer:
And yet reſpect ſcarce bridles ſuch a Louer.
So farre transported that he knowes not whether,
For loue and Maieſtie dwell ill together.

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But doone with all the rites pompe could deuiſe:
At *Godſtow*, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honorable wiſe.
Where yet as now ſcarce any note deſcries
Vnto theſe times, the memory of me,
Marble and Braſſe ſo little laſting be.

For thoſe walles vvhich the credulous deuout,
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found:
With willing zeale that neuer call'd in doubt,
That time theyr works ſhould euer ſo confound,
Lye like confuſed heapes as vnder-ground.
And what their ignorance eſteem'd ſo holy,
The wiſer ages doe account as folly.

And were it not thy fauourable lynes,
Reedified the wracke of my decayes:
And that thy accents willingly aſsignes,
Some farther date, and giue me longer daies,
Fevve in this age had knowne my beauties praiſe.
But thus renewd by fame, redeemes ſome time,
Till other ages ſhall neglect thy rime.

Then when confuſion in her courſe ſhall bring,
Sad deſolation on the times to come:
VVhen myrth-leſſe Thames ſhall haue no Swan to ſing,
All Muſique ſilent, and the Muſes dombe.
And yet euen then it muſt be known to ſome,
That once they floriſht, though not cheriſht ſo,
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

But heere an end, I may no longer ſtay thee,
I muſt returne t'attend at *Stigian* flood:
Yet ere I goe, thys one word more I pray thee,
Tell *Delia* now her ſigh may doe me good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
And if I paſſe vnto thoſe happy banks,
Then ſhe muſt haue her praiſe, thy pen her thanks.

So

So vaniſht ſhee, and left me to returne,
To proſecute the tenor of my woes:
Eternall matter for my Muſe to mourne,
But ah the worlde hath heard too much of thoſe,
My youth ſuch errors muſt no more diſcloſe.
Ile hide the reſt, and greeue for what hath beene,
Who made me knowne, muſt make me liue vnſeene.

FINIS.

x 58733

cat.
15 Oct '16.
e.c.